

**November 2003**

# **1. 9**

## ***Narrative***

### **Benchmarks**

In narrative writing, students organize and relate a series of events, fictional or actual, in a coherent whole. This is evident when students:

**5-8:**

- A. Recount in sequence several parts of an experience or event, commenting on their significance and drawing a conclusion from them; or create an imaginative story with a clear story line in which some events are clearly related to the resolution of a problem.
- B. Use dialogue and/or other strategies appropriate to narration; and
- C. Select details consistent with the intent of the story, omitting extraneous details.

**9-12: Evidence 5 – 8 applies, plus -**

- D. Establish a situation/plot, point of view, setting, and conflict;
- E. Develop characters through action, speech, relationship to others, etc.; and
- F. Use a range of narrative strategies.

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### **5th Grade Benchmarks**

<b>Swordplay</b>	<b>5 / 3</b>
<b>Tooth Trouble</b>	<b>5 / 3</b>
<b>An Ordinary Class Trip</b>	<b>4 / 3</b>
<b>Big Bully</b>	<b>3 / 3</b>
<b>It Was the Sunny Week</b>	<b>2 / 3</b>
<b>The Stolen Dimond</b>	<b>2 / 1</b>
<b>My Dog Maggie</b>	<b>1 / 1</b>

## VERMONT NEW STANDARDS RUBRIC FOR NARRATIVE WRITING: WRITING TO TELL A STORY

Standard 1.9 In written narratives, students organize and relate a series of events, fictional or actual, in a coherent whole.

Criteria	Score Point 5 Exceeds the Standards	Score Point 4 Accomplished Writing	Score Point 3 Intermediate Writing	Score Point 2 Basic Writing	Score Point 1 Limited Writing	Score Point 0 Unscorable There is no evidence of an attempt to write a narrative piece.
<b>CONTEXT, PURPOSE</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Establishes situation, point of view, conflict, and plot, as necessary</li> </ul> <hr/> <b>NARRATIVE STRATEGIES: VOICE /TONE AND ELABORATION (Details)</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Showing the character in action</li> <li>Using dialogue to reveal character and advance action</li> <li>Dramatizing scenes</li> <li>Managing time through straightforward chronology, flashbacks, episodes and transition, or foreshadowing</li> <li>Providing character motivation</li> <li>Developing suspense</li> </ul> <hr/> <b>ORGANIZATION AND COHERENCE</b>	<p>Score point 5 meets all the criteria in score point 4. In addition, a paper receiving this score renders a particularly dramatic recreation of events.</p> <p>Shows insight into the characters' motivation and the significance of the events (purpose).</p> <p>Uses lively and concrete language; e.g., similes and metaphors (detail/voice &amp; tone).</p> <p>Some language and images may invite readers to reflect on the significance of the events (voice &amp; tone).</p> <p>Reveals a strong individual voice.</p> <p>Uses a variety of sentence structures and length purposefully (voice &amp; tone).</p>	<p><b>Establishes the situation by setting the action of the story within a clearly defined time and place (purpose).</b></p> <p><b>Presents main characters effectively.</b></p> <p><b>Maintains clear topic and focus (purpose).</b></p> <p><b>Narrator may reflect on the importance of events (purpose).</b></p> <hr/> <p><b>Creates a believable world, real or fictional, developing action by dramatizing rather than telling what happens (detail).</b></p> <p><b>Develops characters through effective use of dialogue, action, behavior, or relationships with other characters (detail).</b></p> <p><b>Shows character growth or change or comments on significance of experience.</b></p> <p><b>Relevant, concrete details enable readers to imagine the world of the story or experience.</b></p> <hr/> <p><b>Organized in a dramatic /effective way.</b></p> <p><b>Has an engaging beginning and moves through a series of events to a logical, satisfying ending (organization).</b></p>	<p>Establishes adequate context.</p> <p>Presents characters in a somewhat stereotypical fashion.</p> <p>Relies on a narrow range of strategies to develop story line.</p> <hr/> <p>Some strategies, such as dialogue, used with effectiveness (detail).</p> <p>Some details may be generic, but they advance action and describe characters' personalities and actions.</p> <p>Generally uses predictable language (voice &amp; tone).</p> <p>May vary sentence length and type (voice &amp; tone).</p> <hr/> <p>Presents characters and events in such a way that readers can easily follow the story line (organization).</p> <p>Has a clear beginning, middle, and end.</p> <p>Ending may rely on external events rather than on characters' decisions or actions.</p>	<p>May give vague sense of context (purpose).</p> <p>Identifies characters.</p> <p>Establishes story topic; attempts focus (purpose).</p> <hr/> <p>May use some dialogue (detail).</p> <p>May have problems with pacing.</p> <p>May list rather than develop relevant detail or character traits. Characters are often stereotypes, lacking motivation (detail).</p> <p>Some inappropriate word choices (voice &amp; tone).</p> <p>Little variety of sentence structure or length (voice &amp; tone).</p> <hr/> <p>Relies on straightforward "and then" chronology (organization).</p> <p>May lack effective beginning and/or ending or have an abrupt conclusion (organization).</p> <p>May present characters and the sequence of events in a predictable way (organization).</p>	<p>Little or no context presented (purpose).</p> <p>May list characters.</p> <p>Presents topic; no focus.</p> <hr/> <p>May list some generic details in haphazard order.</p> <p>May not describe characters (detail).</p> <p>Little attention to word choice (voice &amp; tone).</p> <p>Usually short, simple sentences (voice &amp; tone).</p> <hr/> <p>May have major gaps in coherence.</p>	

*This rubric is adapted from materials created by the New Standards Project.*

## NARRATIVES

**Narratives: Standard 1.9** In written narratives, students organize and relate a series of events, fictional or actual, in a coherent whole. This is evident when students: (PreK-4) **a.** Recount in sequence several parts of an experience or event, commenting on their significance and drawing a conclusion from them; or create an imaginative story with a clear story line in which some events are clearly related to the resolution of a problem; **b.** Use dialogue and/or other strategies appropriate to narration; **c.** Select details consistent with the intent of the story, omitting extraneous details; (5-8) **d.** Establish a situation/plot, point of view, setting and conflict; **e.** Develop characters through action, speech, relationships to others, etc; **f.** Use a range of narrative strategies; (9 – 12) **g.** Engage readers by creating a context that makes clear the significance of the story and of its central idea or tension; **h.** Control both movement (chronology) and the pace of the story; **i.** Effectively use a range of narrative strategies; **j.** Effectively use dialogue; and **k.** Unify all narrative aspects of the story.

**NARRATIVES** – Writing that tells a story or recounts an event.

## GLOSSARY

**Coherence** – The arrangement of ideas in such a way that the reader can easily move from one point to another. When all ideas are arranged and connected, a piece of writing has coherence.

**Context** - The set of facts or circumstances surrounding an event or a situation in a piece of literature.

**Elaboration** – The words used to describe, persuade, explain, or in some way support the main idea; to be effective details should be vivid, colorful, and appeal to the senses. Details can be descriptive, sensory, and/or reflective.

**Focus** – The concentration on a specific topic to give it emphasis or clarity.

**Pacing** – The rate of movement and action of the story. The story may take a long time to build to the climax or end abruptly.

**Stereotype** – A pattern or form that does not change. A character is “stereotyped” if she or he has no individuality and fits a mold.

**Tone** – The overall feeling or effect created by a writer’s attitude and use of words. This feeling may be serious, mock-serious, humorous, sarcastic, solemn, objective, etc.

**Topic** – The specific subject covered in a piece of writing.

**Voice** – The style and quality of the writing. Voice portrays the author’s personality or the personality of a chosen persona. A distinctive voice establishes personal expression and enhances the writing.

**HINTS** – A narrative piece usually focuses on the experience and occasion, plot, setting, characters, problem solving, and resolution. However, in 8<sup>th</sup> grade and above, a narrative may have, and is usually more effective with, some reflection.

## Swordplay

Small straw houses were scattered around the village. Cows grazed on clumps of grass sticking up here and there amidst the settling dust. Chickens squabbled over their morning feed. Little peasant children were laughing and playing, their parents already at work harvesting the west field. High above the village on the top of the hill was the castle. It was made of huge slabs of cut stone. The king's balcony could be seen from the bottom of the grassy hill. Standing on a much smaller hill far below the castle stood an orphan girl named Lyra, hanging laundry.

The clash of knight's words rang out in the east, teasing Lyra's ears. Her heart throbbed, telling her she should be out there with the knights training to protect the king, but it was impossible. Women had never been allowed to be knights. Even girls' swordplay or use of any weapon was illegal. Lyra threw the clothespins in her hand at a heavy drapery she was having trouble hanging. It just wasn't fair.

"Clang, clang, clang!" Lyra jumped at the unexpected sound. It was the alarm bell. Maybe an enemy was attacking! Lyra's anger at not being allowed to fight was overcome with excitement at the thought of a battle. Loud voices and thundering footsteps sounded behind her and Lyra turned just in time to avoid a throng of oncoming knights. So it was a battle!

Stable boys rushed mounts to the post where the knights would mount up before leaving. The knights put on beautifully polished silver armor. Dried strips of meat, water casks and small tents were flung into their sacks. Lyra sighed, this meant the battle would be away where she couldn't watch. The youngest knights chattered excitedly, it was they who had been called to duty. Lyra envied them. Little children scurried around slowing people down. The peasants were flocking in from the fields. There was chaos everywhere.

"Clang, clang, clang, clang!" the bell sounded again. The knights quickly shouldered their packs and walked as quickly as they could in their heavy armor to their post in front of the castle.

Lyra left the laundry and followed them secretively, wondering what the king would say.

“I have been notified of intruders entering from the north.” the king bellowed from his balcony. The knights now stood quietly listening to the king. They come in large numbers and are planning attack mid-day tomorrow.” the king said easily. At this, a small gasp came from the villagers gathered around.

Lyra continued to sense his voice, but she wasn’t listening, she had been distracted. While tracing the grooves in the knights armor with her eyes, imagining herself in it, she had noticed something odd. On one set of armor, the lines weren’t the same, she looked up at the face and it was foreign to her also. She had never seen him in all her 13 years at the castle. Lyra had always kept a close watch on all the knights, requesting jobs she hated just so she could be close to their practice area. She always watched them as she worked, hoping to improve her own fighting skills which she secretly practiced. There was no way she could have missed a new knight. She wanted to get a closer look at the odd knight, but she was too late. The king had just given the command and the knights were mounting up.

“North!” shouted their commander, and in a great clanging of hooves and armor, they were off. Lyra had lost sight of the knight, and she was already being called by the chore mistress to return immediately to the laundry. Lyra knew there was no way she would be able to see the knight amidst the already distancing pack, so she shuffled off to the laundry.

Until long after sundown Lyra did many chores as punishment for leaving her work. Soon she had forgotten about the knight as sleepiness overcame her and she stumbled off to bed.

The next morning everyone in the village was gathered in the great hall of the castle fearing attack. Everyone, that is, except Lyra. She had taken advantage of the abandoned village and was practicing fencing out in the open. She was provoking a poor tree when she noticed someone slinking toward the castle. fear bolted through her. She had thought everyone was in the hall. She quickly tucked the small sword under her tunic. She watched him approach the castle

and enter the side door to the kitchen. He didn't seem to have noticed her. Lyra followed his path cautiously. Partway up the hill, she noticed a shining armor plate identical to that of the strange knight's. Knights rarely let others carry their armor, so it couldn't be someone else who had dropped it. Lyra knew he shouldn't be around. He should be fighting with the other knights. Something was wrong. Lyra took off for the kitchen entrance to the castle. The guards were off fighting, so nobody could stop her, just like there had been nobody to question the knight. She looked around the kitchen. The door to her left had been opened. Lyra hurried through and looked around. She had never been in the castle before except for the kitchen and laundry, so she had no idea where to go. She flew up the stairs on the left. At the top was a room with animal heads hanging on the walls, they all stared at nothing with cold eyes that made her pause for a moment. A moose's huge, topmost antler was pointing north, so Lyra hurried on to the hallway facing north.

“Thump!”

She mounted the stairs in front of her that seemed to be heading closest to the sound. Then she stopped. There was an opened doorway in front of her. A small crack in the door allowed her to peek through without being seen. The strange knight was pointing a dagger at the king's throat.

The king was about to die! Lyra jumped around the corner of the door and screamed, “No!” The assassin dropped the dagger in shock but quickly recovered and drew his sword to defend himself. Lyra withdrew her sword from under her tunic. The evil assassin jumped at her, and she was ready. She had been ready for this her entire life. Slash! Clash! Clank! Lyra fenced passionately, blocking the assassin's every attempt to kill her. The king was helpless, he was lying on the floor unarmed and staring wide-eyed at this unlikely duel. Lyra was trying to force her strong enemy away from the king. for a split second, he let up. Lyra sunk the tip of her sword into his stomach. He groaned and fell, clutching the wound. He was now desperately trying to stab the

king. Lyra wouldn't let that happen. She quickly thrust her sword into the air and propelled it downward, into the strange knight's heart. He died immediately, without a sound. Blood trickled over her hand, she was breathing hard. As she looked at the king, Lyra suddenly felt small and vulnerable holding the forbidden sword.

The king spoke humbly, "Young girl, you have saved my life, is there any way I could possibly repay you?" the king searched her sweaty face for an answer.

The clash of the young girls' swords sang out, beautiful music to Lyra's ears, the ears, of the first knightess.

**1.9 Narratives**  
**Grade 5**  
**Score 5 / 3**

### **Swordplay**

Small straw houses were scattered around the village. Cows grazed on clumps of grass sticking up here and there amidst the settling dust. Chickens squabbled over their morning feed. Little peasant children were laughing and playing, their parents already at work harvesting the west field. High above the village on the top of the hill was the castle. It was made of huge slabs of cut stone. The king's balcony could be seen from the bottom of the grassy hill. Standing on a much smaller hill far below the castle stood an orphan girl named Lyra, hanging laundry.

*Sets action of story in clear time and place*

The clash of knight's words rang out in the east, teasing Lyra's ears. Her heart throbbed, telling her she should be out there with the knights training to protect the king, but it was impossible. Women had never been allowed to be knights. Even girls' swordplay or use of any weapon was illegal. Lyra threw the clothespins in her hand at a heavy drapery she was having trouble hanging. It just wasn't fair.

*Insight into character motivation; writer also comments on significance of events*

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*Writer effectively dramatizes action rather than simply telling*

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*Precise, vivid word choice creates images*

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*Deep elaboration provides insight into character motivation*

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*Precise, vivid word choice creates images*  
*Comments on significance of events*

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*Insight into character*

*Precise, vivid word choice  
creates images*

The king spoke humbly, “Young girl, you have saved my life, is there any way I could possibly repay you?” the king searched her sweaty face for an answer.

The clash of the young girls’ swords sang out, beautiful music to Lyra’s ears, the ears, of the first knightess.

***Strong conclusion***

### **Score Point 5**

***This piece of writing meets score “5” descriptors in every way. The story is a particularly dramatic recreation of events, shows exceptional insight into the young girl’s motivation about wanting to become a knight even though it was forbidden, and reveals a strong individual voice through verb choice, other precise, vivid, and concrete language, and a variety of sophisticated elaboration strategies.***

### **Conventions 3**

***This piece shows grade-level control of conventions.***

## **Tooth Trouble**

“Charlie if you don’t like your oatmeal just tell me and I’ll get you some cereal.” Mom said looking over the table with a puzzled face.

Her daughter, Charlie, short for Charlene was chewing her favorite food slowly and carefully and she was making a funny face. Charlie’s twin sister, Tess was doing the same thing. “We like oatmeal, but we don’t want to disturb them.” said Tess.

“Disturb who?” asked Aaron, their older brother. He shook his curly black hair and looked strangely at Mom. She looked back and shrugged.

Tess and Charlie threw back their tiny red cropper heads and showed their teeth. They each wiggled one and smiled. “Looth tooth.” said Aaron getting up from the table and putting on his backpack.

“Looth tooth.” said Tess and Charlie at the same time. They were walking out the door with Aaron to catch the bus. Mom followed them out the door and got into the car to go to work.

“Bye kids, see you after school!” called Mom backing out of the driveway.

On the bus Charlie and Tess decided to tell their best friend Molly first about their teeth. When they got to school they ran into kindergarten room faster than Aaron could run to the eighth grade room. In the class room they met the very person they wanted to see, Molly Stagburn.

“Molly! Molly, guess what?” yelled the twins.

“What?” said Molly.

“We have loose teeth!” said the twins with a big smile. A look of horror spread across Molly’s face.

Oh, no!” she said.

“My big brother Zack said that when one tooth comes out the rest come out too. He knowes everything becausf he’s almost in third grade.” Tess and Charlie almost cried.

At snack they only ate one cracker each, and at lunch they decided not to eat at all.

After lunch, their teacher, Mrs. Tellen noticed they where looking sort of pale.

“Charlie, Tess, are you feeling all right?”

“No,” they replied.

“Oh dear, I suppose I should call your mother,” she sighed and walked over to the phone.

Half an hour later the twins found themselves in the back of their mothers car.

“Girls, I would like you to tell me what made you sick. Was it something you ate?” Charlie and Tess looked at each other.

“Actually Mom, we haven’t eaten all day,” said Tess.

“But you told me what you wanted. Did you change your minds?”

“No. but we didn’t want all our teeth to fall out.”

“What did Aaron tell you this time?” Mom asked rembering the time Aaron had told them that if you ate bananas, monkeys would fly out your ears. “It wasn’t Aaron this time. Molly’s brother said that if one tooth comes out the others come out too,” said Tess as they pulled into the driveway.

“Molly’s brother has a grapenut for a brain.” Mom joked.

When they were inside the house, Mom put them on schools and gave them each apples. Almost emediatly they forgot about their teeth and ate.

“Now you listen to me. All your teeth are not going to fall out. the only way that would happen would be if Aaron punched you hard enough. If that happend I would take you to the dentist to have him look at your teeth, and I would ground Aaron for 20 years,” Mom said softly.

“Hey my tooth came out!”

“Mine too!” Charlie and Tess yelled together.

“See, I told you Zack was wrong. Next time don’t listen to Molly,” said Mom.

Charlie and Tess looked at Mom and smiled. They both had big gaps in their smiles.

THE END

**1.9 Narratives**  
**Grade 5**  
**Score - 5 / 3**

### **Tooth Trouble**

“Charlie if you don’t like your oatmeal just tell me and I’ll get you some cereal.” Mom said looking over the table with a puzzled face.

*Dialogue, action used to establish context/situation, characters*

Her daughter, Charlie, short for Charlene was chewing her favorite food slowly and carefully and she was making a funny face. Charlie’s twin sister, Tess was doing the same thing. “We like oatmeal, but we don’t want to disturb them.” said Tess.

*Dialogue provides insight into character motivation*

“Disturb who?” asked Aaron, their older brother. He shook his curly black hair and looked strangely at Mom. She looked back and shrugged.

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*Lively, concrete language*

“Looth tooth.” said Tess and Charlie at the same time. They were walking out the door with Aaron to catch the bus. Mom followed them out the door and got into the car to go to work.

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“Molly! Molly, guess what?” yelled the twins.

“What?” said Molly.

“We have loose teeth!” said the twins with a big smile. A look of horror spread across Molly’s face.

*Focus (problem/challenge) established - the twins need to keep their loose teeth from falling out*

Oh, no!” she said.

“My big brother Zack said that when one tooth comes out the rest come out too. He knows everything because he’s almost in third grade.” Tess and Charlie almost cried.

*Dialogue, details used to dramatize twins’ attempt to keep from losing their loose teeth (to meet the challenge, solve the problem)*

At snack they only ate one cracker each, and at lunch they decided not to eat at all.

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“What did Aaron tell you this time?” Mom asked remembering the time Aaron had told them that if you ate bananas, monkeys would fly out your ears. “It wasn’t Aaron this time. Molly’s brother said that if one tooth comes out the others come out too,” said Tess as they pulled into the driveway.

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“Mine too!” Charlie and Tess yelled together.

“See, I told you Zack was wrong. Next time don’t listen to Molly,” said Mom.

Charlie and Tess looked at Mom and smiled. They both had big gaps in

*Dialogue, details used to dramatize twins’ attempt to keep from losing their loose teeth (to meet the challenge, solve the problem)*

*Lively, concrete language*

*Dramatizes character change (twins realize they can eat again) as part of resolution of problem*

*Satisfying conclusion*



their smiles.

**Score Point 5**

*This piece is focused clearly around the problem of the twins' loose teeth and their attempt to keep them from falling out. It creates a believable world of kindergarten children by using dialogue and other details effectively. These are all "4" qualities.*

*In addition, the writer supplies insight into the twins' motivation and writes with a strong control of lively and concrete language, both characteristics of score "5."*

**Conventions 3**

*This piece shows control of grade-level conventions.*

### **An Ordinary Class Trip**

Today my entire school had gone to Whale Tale, a water park. Nicole, Ben, Chris, and I were riding back to St. Johnsbury with Gina and her mom. We had gone up and down slides all day, and we were tired. It was a hot summer's day and I was sweating. Gina was singing along with one of her tapes we were listening too. Then Gina's mom announced that we were going to stop at the Franconia Notch because we had time to kill.

When we arrived we explored the woods that were near the car. Gina's mom was looking around for something.

"What are you looking for?" asked Gina, but her mom didn't answer.

Then she called us over to where she was standing. "I've found it," she said, looking into a collapsed wet pipe.

"Can we explore it?" asked Gina.

"I'll go get a flashlight," said her mom.

Inside the pipe was dark and damp. The only light we had was the little flashlight Chris was holding, and the faint sunlight that was behind us and ahead of us. Soon we came to an open space big enough for all of us. There were four different ways we could go. We decided to go straight. When we reached the other end, I couldn't open my eyes because it was so bright. We rested our legs for a while, and headed back into the pipe. When we reached the open space again we split up.

Ben and Chris went in one of the pipes, and Gina, Nicole, and I went in the other. My group found a stream. The stream looked inviting. We could hear the sound of the water and it made us even more hot. We decided to go in. We took off our shoes and went in. When we met up with Ben and Chris we were cooled off, while they were panting and sweating.

As we were going back to the car I could feel the water under my feet, soaking my shoes. I felt the feel of slime as my fingers held on to the sides. Then I felt something really gross like a worm. That made my fingers let go and as they did so did my feet!

I felt a sharp pain in my right ankle. It felt like a saw cutting my ankle in half. I heard crunch, my bone was breaking! I let out a cry.

“What’s the matter,” said Gina as she turned around to look at me, “Are you ok, your ankle is swelling up.”

“I slipped, I said, my ankle is killing me!” I used Gina and Nicole as crutches, and we finally made it out.

I got over to the car, and Gina’s mom examined my ankle. I’m going to call your parents, she said, hold on.” My parents were not home from work yet. “Everybody get in the car, we’re going to the hospital,” said Gina’s mom.

When we reached the hospital Gina’s mom called my parents again. They came right over. Meanwhile I was getting an x-ray. The doctor told me it was broken. When I came out hobbling on my crutches with a bandage wrapped tightly around my ankle my parents came over and hugged me. We thanked Gina’s mother, got some medicine talked to the doctor and left.

It had been a long day, and it felt good to get in my bed. Even though my ankle was throbbing, I felt lucky that I hadn’t done something worse. I fell into a deep sleep, and had a dream about my day.

**1.9 Narratives**  
**Grade 5**  
**Score - 4 / 3**

### **An Ordinary Class Trip**

Today my entire school had gone to Whale Tale, a water park. Nicole, Ben, Chris, and I were riding back to St. Johnsbury with Gina and her mom. We had gone up and down slides all day, and we were tired. It was a hot summer's day and I was sweating. Gina was singing along with one of her tapes we were listening too. Then Gina's mom announced that we were going to stop at the Franconia Notch because we had time to kill.

*Context sets action in clear time and place*

When we arrived we explored the woods that were near the car. Gina's mom was looking around for something.

"What are you looking for?" asked Gina, but her mom didn't answer.

Then she called us over to where she was standing. "I've found it," she said, looking into a collasol wet pipe.

*Precise word choice*

"Can we explore it?" asked Gina.

"I'll go get a flashlight," said her mom.

*Uses dialogue effectively to establish focus (the challenge of exploring the pipe)*

Inside the pipe was dark and damp. The only light we had was the little flashlight Chris was holding, and the faint sunlight that was behind us and ahead of us. Soon we came to an open space big enough for all of us. There were four different ways we could go. We decided to go straight. When we reached the other end, I couldn't open my eyes because it was so bright. We rested our legs for a while, and headed back into the pipe. When we reached the open space again we split up.

*Concrete details help dramatize the experience*

Ben and Chris went in one of the pipes, and Gina, Nicole, and I went in the other. My group found a stream. The stream looked inviting. We could hear the sound of the water and it made us even more hot. We decided to go in. We took off our shoes and went in. When we met up with Ben and Chris we were cooled off, while they were panting and sweating.

*Concrete details help dramatize the experience*

As we were going back to the car I could feel the water under my feet, soaking my shoes. I felt the feel of slime as my fingers held on to the sides. Then I

felt something really gross like a worm. That make my fingers let go and as they did so did my feet!

*Concrete details effectively dramatize the key moment in the narrative*

I felt a sharp pain in my right ankle. It felt like a saw cutting my ankle in half. I heard crunch, my bone was breaking! I let out a cry.

“What’s the matter,” said Gina as she turned around to look at me, “Are you ok, your ankle is swelling up.”

“I slipped, I said, my ankle is killing me!” I used Gina and Nicole as crutches, and we finally made it out.

I got over to the car, and Gina’s mom examined my ankle. I’m going to call your parents, she said, hold on.” My parents were not home from work yet. “Everybody get in the car, we’re going to the hospital,” said Gina’s mom.

When we reached the hospital Gina’s mom called my parents again. They came right over. Meanwhile I was getting an x-ray. The doctor told me it was broken. When I came out hobbling on my crutches with a bandage wrapped tightly around my ankle my parents came over and hugged me. We thanked Gina’s mother, got some medicine talked to the doctor and left.

*Writer comments on significance of experience*

It had been a long day, and it felt good to get in my bed. Even though my ankle was throbbing, I felt lucky that I hadn’t done something worse. I fell into a deep sleep, and had a dream about my day.

#### Score Point 4

*This piece is clearly focused around the challenge of exploring the pipe. All of the details - dialogue, action, description - help to dramatize that event, culminating in the experience of the writer spraining her ankle. The piece has a logical and satisfying conclusion.*

#### Conventions 3

*This piece shows grade-level control of conventions.*

## Big Bully

Once there was a kid named Joe. He was shy, smart, and kind of a nerd. One day when he was out at recess, he saw the class bully, Jake, otherwise known as “Big Jake.” Joe heard him call his name and asked him to come over. When he got to Big Jake he muttered, “Yes Jake?” Big Jake ordered him to throw a snowball at a kid sometime during that week or he would give him a swirlie every day for a month.

The next day Joe went to his friend Bill for advice. Joe asked him what he should do. Bill said, “Just throw the snowball. Who cares if you get in trouble?” (Bill thought of himself as a cool cat and didn’t really care about anything.)

That night Joe lay on his bed thinking about what Bill had said. On one hand, he could just throw the snowball, and on the other hand, he could *not* throw the snowball and get swirlies. He figured he should get more advice.

The next day he went to his other friend Paula. Paula was a pretty, little, perfect, stuck-up girl. She told him he should punch Jake and ask him, “Who’s the bully now?” Joe knew if he did that he would surely get in trouble.

Later that day at school, Joe went up to the teacher at recess and told her the whole story. The teacher was furious. Big Jake got in *big* trouble. He had detention for two weeks. In the end Joseph didn’t get the horrible swirlies.

**1.9 Narratives**  
**Grade 5**  
**Score - 3 / 3**

### Big Bully

Once there was a kid named Joe. He was shy, smart, and kind of a nerd.  
One day when he was out at recess, he saw the class bully, Jake, otherwise known as “Big Jake.” Joe heard him call his name and asked him to come over. When he got to Big Jake he muttered, “Yes Jake?” Big Jake ordered him to throw a snowball at a kid sometime during that week or he would give him a swirlie every day for a month.

*Establishes adequate context*

*Characters somewhat stereotypical*

The next day Joe went to his friend Bill for advice. Joe asked him what he should do. Bill said, “Just throw the snowball. Who cares if you get in trouble?” (Bill thought of himself as a cool cat and didn’t really care about anything.)

*Clear but predictable transitions*

That night Joe lay on his bed thinking about what Bill had said. On one hand, he could just throw the snowball, and on the other hand, he could *not* throw the snowball and get swirlies. He figured he should get more advice.

*Establishes focus (the problem of how to handle Jake) and character motivation*

The next day he went to his other friend Paula. Paula was a pretty, little, perfect, stuck-up girl. She told him he should punch Jake and ask him, “Who’s the bully now?” Joe knew if he did that he would surely get in trouble.

*Stereotypical character*

Later that day at school, Joe went up to the teacher at recess and told her the whole story. The teacher was furious. Big Jake got in *big* trouble. He had detention for two weeks. In the end Joseph didn’t get the horrible swirlies.

*Clear resolution of problem, but not effectively dramatized with details*

### Score Point 3

*This piece establishes a clear story line focused around the problem of how Joe, the main character, should handle the bully Jake. It has a clear beginning, middle, and end, and uses predictable language to develop the narrative. The writer has not effectively dramatized events with dialogue or other concrete details.*

### Conventions 3

*This piece shows grade-level control of conventions.*





## **The Stolen Dimond**

The rich John Smith had his dimond stolen this was my biggest case yet. I went to talk to him yesterday he said the who did it was real tall and had long black hair. The other one was short with long red hair. Can I look around for them.

Sure.

Thanks well I fipped over tables and chairs I looked in closed and I searched every room and I didn't find anything. There's some old hide outs down town I'll check there. If I don't find anything I'll check behind the mall. I took these pictures down town of these two men did they do it.

Yep thats them.

Okay first we have to find out were they are.

"I'm going to check out the old warehouses downtown. Come on lets go! lets check out the old Lumber factory first."

Okay."

I went in and checked things out but still no luck. We have to find them sometime. Let's go to the Glue factory is that them John?

Yep there they are.

We'll come come back tomorrow and check things out I'll pick you up at 5:38 pm. I went home and got something to eat and watch Mat Lock well I'm going to go to bed good night Max...snore...Ring Ring hellow

Hey don't forget to pick me up

I won't good bye clunck I'm going to get breakfast and go over 4:00 well I supposa I'll head over and pick him up.

Lets go John we'll down town to the glue factory and see if the dimond is here now stay

here the dimond is here and these guys are going to jail for a long time.

**1.9 Narratives**  
**Grade 5**  
**Score 2 / 1**

### The Stolen Dimond

*Vague sense of context*

The rich John Smith had his dimond stolen this was my biggest case yet. I went to talk to him yesterday he said the who did it was real tall and had long black hair. The other one was short with long red hair. Can I look around for them. Sure.

*Attempted focus (challenge of recovering the stolen diamond)*

Thanks well I flipped over tables and chairs I looked in closed and I searched every room and I didn't find anything. There's some old hide outs down town I'll check there. If I don't find anything I'll check behind the mall. I took these pictures down town of these two men did they do it.

*Gap in coherence*

Yep thats them.

Okay first we have to find out were they are.

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I won't good bye clunk I'm going to get breakfast and go over 4:00 well I supposa I'll head over and pick him up.

Lets go John we'll down town to the glue factory and see if the dimond is here now stay here the dimond is here and these guys are going to jail for a long time.

*Events develop focus/challenge of finding diamond*

*Problems with pacing / gaps in coherence*

*Abrupt conclusion*

**Score Point 2**

*This piece does have a focus, the challenge of finding the stolen diamond. The writer attempts to use dialogue to develop the focus. However, there are so many details missing that there are gaps in coherence, causing the reader to have to work to follow the story line.*

**Conventions 1**

*This piece shows minimal control of conventions. There are many errors in punctuation and sentence structure, with many run-ons. There are also spelling and capitalization errors.*

## **Sunny Week**

It was the sunny week. I was camping in Maine when I discovered a whole bunch of tiny bumps on my arm. It turned out to be the horrid itchy poison ivy. I must have gotten it when I ran through the woods with my cousin. We went to a local pharmacy and got some medication. Then we had to get more medication because it was still itchy. A few days later, my sister and I slept in a tent instead of our trailer. When I woke up my right eye was sealed shut! It was very scary. I tried with all the muscles in my eye to open it but I couldn't.

We went to a walk-in doctor's office and we got even more medication. This time it was for my eye. This was a really itchy situation but I got through it and now my itchy ivy is gone!

**1.9 Narratives**  
**Grade 5**  
**Score - 2 / 3**

### **Sunny Week**

It was the sunny week. I was camping in Maine when I discovered a whole bunch of tiny bumps on my arm. It turned out to be the horrid itchy poison ivy. I must have gotten it when I ran through the woods with my cousin. We went to a local pharmacy and got some medication. Then we had to get more medication because it was still itchy. A few day's later, my sister and I slept in a tent instead of our trailer. When I woke up my right eye was sealed shut! It was very scary. I tried with all the muscles in my eye to open it but I couldn't.

We went to a walk-in doctor's office and we got even more medication. This time it was for my eye. This was a really itchy situation but I got through it and now my itchy ivy is gone!

*Context is vague*

*Characters identified but not developed*

*Events are listed - writer relies on an "and then" chronology*

*Abrupt closure*

### **Score Point 2**

*This piece makes an attempt at a focus (the problem of dealing with poison ivy) but it is not dramatized at all. The characters are simply identified, and the events are listed, moving rapidly from event to event to create an "and then" chronology. The sentence structure shows little variety.*

### **Conventions 3**

*This piece shows grade-level control of conventions.*

## **My Dog Maggie**

I have a one year old dog that will eat anything. Her name is Maggie Mouse. We call her Mouse because she also eat grass like a Mouse. She's a black lab.

My Mom said that when I go to school Maggie is sad but when I get home she is happy because she jumps on me and licks my face

When Maggie was born she said Mo! Mo! Mo! Mo! But last summer I swore I heard Maggieg tack, then I realize dogs can't talk or can they?

**1.9 Narratives**  
**Grade 5**  
**Score 1 / 1**

### **My Dog Maggie**

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When Mige was born she sed Mo! Mo! Mo! Mo! But last summer I sware I herd Mige tack, then I realize dogs can't tack or can they?

*Attempts to establish character*

*Details are more appropriate to a report than to a narrative*

*Writer attempts a narrative but has no focus*

### **Score Point 1**

*This piece has a topic, Maggie, and the writer makes a good attempt at establishing her character. However, there is no focus (no problem or challenge) and no details to develop one. As a narrative, this piece has major gaps in coherence. The writer uses short, simple sentences and very limited vocabulary.*

### **Conventions 1**

*This piece shows minimal control of conventions. It has many mistakes in spelling, capitalization, usage, and sentence structure.*